

# Big Boy

## Clint Crisher

Is it a physical reaction  
A final loss of satisfaction?  
You never noticed  
When you crossed the line, yeah You had me just there where you wanted  
You took my charity for granted  
You blew your second chance  
Too many times, yeah Baby, youre a big boy, dont cry for me  
Im sick of being your toy, cant play with me  
Youve been putting me up  
Youve been letting me down  
Theres nothing left to destroy for you, big boy Never did anything to reach me  
But when I ask you to unleash me  
You tied me up and choked me even more  
What for, yeah  
Here is your chain  
I guess you find the door, once more Baby, youre a big boy, dont cry for me  
Im sick of being your toy, cant play with me  
Youve been putting me up  
Youve been letting me down  
Theres nothing left to destroy for you, big boy Remember how you brought me flowers  
Remember how you used to care  
Now the flowers got thorns  
Now you just care for yourself And the paradise you gave me  
Turned into to hell  
There is no turning back  
As a matter of fact, its too late Theres no way to stop me  
Theres no way to lock me up  
You cant stop me Baby, youre a big boy, dont cry for me  
Im sick of being your toy, cant play with me  
Youve been putting me up  
Youve been letting me down  
Theres nothing left Baby, youre a big boy, dont cry for me  
Im sick of being your toy, cant play with me  
Youve been putting me up  
Youve been letting me down  
Theres nothing left to destroy for you, big boy

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